
Title: Just a young archer

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I was told that my
brother Elric wrote a
story about our
grandfather. I am very
certain he did not
mention my name even
once, as there still is a
feud between us, which I

hope we can resolve one
day.

Let me tell you my
story, and how I became
what I am these days.

If you have seen me in
one of the public places,

such at the Luna market
or at the First Bank Of
Britannia, you for sure
have not seen my face,
as it is always covered
by a helmet.

I do not only wear this
for mere protection, but

also to conceal what I
am... as I am an elf. An
elf raised by humans.
Even though most
Britannians have grown
used of seeing elves
roaming the land, they
probably have never seen

an elf speaking with the
accent of the people of
Skara Brae.

I was raised in the
vicinity of that town, and
therefore am using the
local accent, such as the
stretched vowels that

people from Moonglow and
Yew like to make fun of.

I remember feeling
alienated ever since I can
remember.
I noticed that everyone in
my family, everyone

around me looked
different than I did.
My skin has a blue touch
to it, I can see at night,
and my body has a
different build to it.
I did not understand this
at first, neither did I

understand the remarks
that neighbour kids yelled
at me, or the way people
stared at me when I
went to town.
When I was 12, my
grandmother (Elric and
me were raised by his

grandparents) explained
to me that I was an
elf... an orphan that they
had found in a dark area
of Moonglow when they
visited the town.
How I got there, and why
my parents abandoned me

I never found out, and I
don't think I ever will.
I don't need to either, as
I loved my "step parents"
very much, and I do
believe that parents are
not parents by blood
relationship, but by their

deeds.
Those two old humans
raised me and treated me
as if I was their own
kin, and for that, I
consider them my parents.
However, it was hard to
grow up that way, even

though they always
defended me and took
good care of me.
Back when I grew up,
only very few elves were
around, and even today, a

lot of people shun that
race, and hate elves with

a vengeance.

I never understood why,
but my "stepfather" once
told me "People often
prefer to hate what they
don't understand."

So I learnt how to deal

though they always
defended me and took
good care of me.
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but my "stepfather" once
told me "People often
prefer to hate what they
don't understand."

So I learnt how to deal

from almost EVERYONE (
after my step-parents
had passed away), I lost
interest.

I did further my
education by myself by
visiting the lycaenum,
reading every book I could

get my hands on.

Are you surprised by
that ?

That an archer has read
a lot of books ? Well, I
was shown all my life
that I was somehow
different, so I figured I

could just embrace that
and BE different.

I hear that Elric is about
to join the Yew Militia. I
wish him the best of
luck.

Maybe we will get a

chance to meet, yet I

think he will do what he
always does...ignore me.
He hates me, and always
has done so. It took me
years to figure out why.
He is not stupid,
intolerant or a bigot. So

it's not that he hates
elves.
Instead... he felt as if I
took the love of his
grandparents away from
him... that I kinda
distracted their attention
from him.

I never tried that on
purpose, but I am sure
my grandparents sensed
that I had problems
dealing with life, growing
up as a "bastard".
So they paid a lot of
attention to me, and

always had their eyes on
me.
Elric got less of that
attention, and had to
learn a lot by himself.
And to this day, I
respect him for that
very much.

He had much more to
deal with than I did.
And I hope one day I will
be able to end that feud
between us, to establish
a bridge that will enable
us to be friends.

I am an archer, as I said.
And I am a proud guild
member of the Yew
Archers.
As you probably know,
that guild is being lead
by Lord Arrow Of Yew.
He gave me a chance to

prove myself, even though
I was nothing but a
snotty, hostile,
unexperienced young man
when he had me join the

guild.

He never berated me,
never looked down on me,

never tried to break my
will.

However, I talked to a
lot of people throughout
Sosaria, and so many of
them know his name, and
respect him deeply.

Everyone had good things

to say about him, and
not only did this impress
me, it made me proud to
be a member of this
guild.

I would give my life for
him in battle, and so
would the other archers.

He is a silent, patient
and honorable mentor and
leader, and I don't think I
can ever be half the man
he is.

He is a wonderful
role-model to go by, and
trying that helped me to

overcome my hostility, my
arrogance and selfishness.

Without him knowing it,
he taught me about
virtues, that weird term
I had heard humans talk
about.

So I went back to the
lycaeum once more to
read up on those virtues,
and these days, I try my
best to follow them,
embrace them.

The other members of
the Archers are great

warriors and persons as
well.

I know that each one of
them will look out for his
guildmates, support and
protect his kin in battle.
I have written about two
of our hunts for the

Sosarian newspaper, and
mentioned how much I was
impressed by this
brotherhood and care.
So therefore, I don't
wanna write too much
about it again.
Let's just say that I am

a proud member of the
Yew Archers, and will go
through the most hellish
of dungeons with them if
I am asked to.
They taught me what
being in a guild should be
about, and that even in

the days when people
care most about profit,
possessions and wealth,
where murderers and
cheaters roam the land
unpunished, there still is
valor, honor and trust.

I never cared for profit,
for owning a castle or
piles of gold.
These concepts are
strange to me, and I
laugh at slobbering
humans, trying to earn as
much of that shiny metal

that people seem to be
addicted to.
I was looking for a goal
in life, something to live
for, and I found it in
improving myself, learning,
becoming good at what I
do (being an archer and

hunter) and being with
my guild, helping and
supporting them, trying
my best to achieve the
guilds goals with them.

And that is a thing to
live for... a purpose that

a lot of humans (and,
apparently, elves as well)
seem to miss these days,
sitting around on their

horses at the bank,
trying to impress
younglings with their
magical spells, laughing at

embarrassing jokes, talking
about their battles, yet
its sometimes hard to
believe that someone who
spends that much time
blundering about his
achievements has any
other abilities but talking.

I probably sound like a
hateful, bitter being, yet
I am not. I am an
observer, and I have
different goals than the
majority.
Thanks for reading my
story.